

CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 186. NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, JULY 24, 1847.

PRICE 1½d.

THE PRINCE.

EXACTLY one hundred years ago, there arrived in the town of Rochelle in France a young man, apparently under twenty, of very elegant appearance, but simple and unpretending manners. He was attended, rather than accompanied, by an elderly gray-headed man, who seemed to be neither a domestic nor a parent, but who regarded him with all the respect of the one, and all the careful fondness of the other. The youth, indeed, appeared to require a certain watchful attendance, although surrounded, as one might have imagined, by some prestige which precluded familiarity; for, notwithstanding the cool quiet air supposed to distinguish the great, he was thoughtless and capricious in no ordinary degree, giving way habitually, and without the slightest consideration, to the whim of the moment. Both were plainly dressed. They neither courted nor shunned observation; and the only singularity which distinguished them from ordinary travellers, was their declining to take up their abode in the inn, even for the short period they intended to remain. They at once furnished an apartment for themselves at a private house, though by no means on an extravagant scale—the whole expense amounting only to £20; and there they resided together, without making a single acquaintance, very rarely stirring abroad, and living chiefly on shell-fish, but more especially fresh-water crabs—a circumstance that excited some notice, from these delicacies being scarce and dear at Rochelle.

It appeared to be their business here to find a passage for the younger of the two to some foreign country; but in consequence of the hot war with England, vessels did not sail so frequently as usual, and they were for some time disappointed. At length an occasion offered. A small merchantman was about to sail for Martinique; and this appearing to be as good a theatre as any for the study of the world, it was determined that the youth should embrace the opportunity, and sail forth on his course of adventures. The moment of embarkation had nearly arrived, and he was in close conversation with his elderly companion, when the lady of the house inquired what he intended to do with his furniture?

'What do you say?' said the young man absently. 'Oh, the furniture! Keep it,' continued he, with a courteous smile, 'for a remembrance of me.' The lady looked at the other in surprise, but the transaction appeared to make no impression upon him of any kind; and when the interruption was over, he resumed the conversation without remark. This would not, perhaps, have appeared extraordinary in very wealthy people; but the fact was certain, that the youth's funds, on embarking for the West Indies, hardly amounted to more than the value he thus heedlessly gave away:

and the two strangers vanished from Rochelle, the one by sea, and the other by land, leaving behind them a grand enigma for the ingenuity of the townspeople.

The youth's reputation in all probability had got on board before him; although the elderly traveller, in recommending him to the captain, could not be prevailed upon to say more than that he was a person of distinction, whose friends would one day show their gratitude for any services that were rendered him. This, however, was sufficient to insure his being treated with respect; and indeed the dignified manner of the youthful voyager would have extorted respect of itself. In his person he was neither handsome nor tall; his features were common, though sufficiently agreeable; he was of the middle stature; and, in short, he had nothing whatever to distinguish him, but a certain air of high life, and a singularly white and delicate skin, as if he had never, since his birth, been permitted to be visited too roughly even by the winds of heaven.

An incident occurred during the voyage which warmed the respect of the crew into affection. On an alarm of the approach of English cruisers, almost all got into the shallop, to creep along the coast close inshore; and so suddenly was the step taken, that no provisions were thought of. The result was extreme hunger in the boat; which was generously relieved by their passenger, who bought a stock of refreshments from one of the native craft, and distributed them, share and share alike, to all on board. When they returned to the ship, the youth was seized with an illness; and it was remarked, with more of interest than displeasure, that a certain degree of haughtiness mingled with the courtesy with which he received the anxious attentions that were pressed upon him from all quarters. His situation required care and tenderness, but he seemed to shrink from familiarity; till at length the necessities of his condition led him to select, as his attendant, a young man only a few years older than himself. To this person, whose name was Rhodex, and who was of a respectable family and liberal education, he gradually became attached, and at length bestowed upon him even some portion of his confidence.

Rhodex reported that the stranger was the Count de Tarnaud, the son of a field-marshal; but this was by no means so lofty a dignity as to account for the respect of the confidant, which seemed to increase every day. In fact, the avowal of his rank only made the mystery more dense; till all speculations were at length ended for the time by the appearance of the port of Martinique, blocked up by English cruisers. Under these circumstances, as it was impossible to save ship or cargo, the vessel was abandoned, and all on board took to their boats, and landed on the island in safety, but in total destitution. The count bore his misfortune very coolly, perhaps merely regarding it as one of the adventures

he had come to seek; and, followed by Rhodex, went straight to the most respectable house he could find. Here he was received with much kindness by an officer called Duval Ferrol, whose attentions he accepted as a common matter of course; replying slightly and vaguely to his questions, and making himself as comfortable as possible. The host received but small enlightenment from Rhodex, who told all the little the reader already knows, but appeared either unable to proceed farther, or terrified to do so; and the real mystery thus came to be thickened with all kinds of conjectures and exaggerations, each more absurd than the last.

The commandant of the port at length thought it high time for him to enter upon the scene, and, by way of putting beyond all doubt the real rank of the stranger, offered him the use of his house and table. This the count accepted with much satisfaction; and, always accompanied by Rhodex, as a sort of gentleman attendant, or humble friend, removed at once to the residence of the commandant. It happened on the first day that, when all were sitting down to dinner, he found that he had forgotten his handkerchief, on which Rhodex immediately got up and brought it to him. This incident made the company stare at each other with unspeakable perplexity; for at the time of which we write, a white man waiting upon a white man, in the West Indies, was entirely unheard of. That Rhodex, who knew the customs of the place well, would submit to this dishonour in any ordinary case, was not to be supposed; and again the question recurred, who was this pretended count?

In the middle of dinner the commandant received a note from Duval Ferrol, the count's former host, containing these words: 'You wish for information relative to the French passenger who lodged with me some days: his signature will furnish more than I am able to give. I enclose you a letter I have just received from him.' The letter contained merely some common words of thanks, written in a schoolboy hand, and in a very bad style; but it was signed 'Est,' not Tarnaud. What could this mean? The commandant secretly despatched a friend to consult some persons better acquainted with the aristocracy than himself; and by the aid of an almanac, these gentlemen at length appeared to master the difficulty. The mysterious stranger could be no other than Hercules Renaud d'Est, hereditary Prince of Modena, and brother of the Duchess de Penthièvre!

Although this, for the present, was only a conjecture, it so happened that they had the means of verifying it; for there were two persons among them (one a brother-in-law of the commandant) who knew the prince by sight. In the evening, therefore—for they would not intrude earlier upon the dinner party—they all repaired to the commandant's house; and there his brother-in-law had no sooner cast his eyes upon the illustrious guest, than he pronounced him to be the duke. Even this, however, would not have been conclusive testimony, for the witness was reported to be so much averse to speaking truth, that he never did so, even when drunk; but he was supported by the other officer, and the affair was decided. By and by a flourish of bugles was heard without, and the brother-in-law and his friends, who had been pushing the decanters about the whole afternoon, while waiting till it should be time for the visit drank, with loud cheers, to the health of Hercules Renaud d'Est, hereditary Prince of Modena. The stranger was confounded by this scene. He had probably signed 'Est' inadvertently, and the unexpected consequences filled him for a time with vexation and haughty displeasure.

The blockade of the English became in the meantime more and more strict, till it threatened at length to produce actual starvation. Supplies could be obtained only from Curaçoa and St Eustatia, and these, at the best, would have been scanty and expensive, even if they had not to pass through the hands of men who took the opportunity of preying upon the public misery. The chief of the monopolists was the governor of the Windward Islands himself, the Marquis de Caylus, who

resided at Martinique, and the derangement of whose private affairs had led to this contravention of his official duty. The discontent of the inhabitants became alarming; and as famine approached nearer and nearer, it assumed the aspect almost of insurrection. The presence of a reigning prince at this juncture was opportune; and the commandant, who hated the governor, intreated him to consecrate the cause of the people by becoming the head of the party. Our young paladin, we have seen, was humane, generous, thoughtless of consequences; and he was not long, therefore, of suffering himself to be prevailed upon to lend his countenance to the efforts of patriotism. He swore to put an end to the villany of the monopolists; and declared that, in the event of the English landing, he would himself lead on the inhabitants to repulse them. Such speeches had a great effect, for the name of prince is associated with ideas of loyalty; and the people of Martinique came to think it their duty to be loyal to the Duke of Modena, since that potentate happened, by whatever extraordinary chance it occurred, to find himself in the West Indies.

The Marquis de Caylus now began to feel somewhat uneasy at Fort St Pierre, and despatched an order to the commandant to send him his unruly guest. The commandant, however, suggested that he could by no means take such a liberty, since the individual in question was assuredly the hereditary Prince of Modena; and the marquis therefore addressed a letter to the Count de Tarnaud, inviting him to repair to his residence. 'To him,' replied his highness, 'I am Hercules Renaud d'Est, although the Count de Tarnaud to the rest of the world. If he desires to see me, let him repair to Fort Royal, which is half-way, and in four or five days I shall be there.' The officers who brought the missive reported the stranger's resemblance to the Duchess de Penthièvre, and the governor's doubts began to give way. He set out for Fort Royal as commanded; but his heart failed him, and he turned back. The prince, not finding him there, proceeded to Fort St Pierre, accompanied by a retinue of gentlemen, and was seen by the governor from his windows; upon which the latter, exclaiming that he was the very image of his mother and sister, left the place in a panic, and retired to Fort Royal.

The Rubicon was now passed. It would be affectation to repudiate longer a rank which had been assigned to him without any agency of his own, and the Prince of Modena assumed his ancestral state, and appointed his household. The Marquis d'Eraguy had the honour of being nominated his grand equerry; Duval Ferrol, his first host on the island, became one of his gentlemen attendants; and the faithful Rhodex exulted in the office of page. He held a court, and gave formal audiences; and his levees were sedulously attended, not only by all who had complaints to make against the existing government, but by many of the officers of the administration, who conceived it politic to seek the protection of a hereditary prince. His palace was at first the convent of the Jesuits; but this excited so much the jealousy of the Dominicans, that after a time he removed to the establishment of the latter, where he was treated, if possible, with still more distinction. A table of thirty covers was laid for him and his guests every day. His dinner was a great spectacle, which passed on to the sound of trumpets; and as it was the custom to admit the people into the hall on the occasion, it became necessary to have the table defended by strong rails from the pressure of the crowd.

Under this régime, St Peter's presented the aspect of a vast theatre. Serious business was no more thought of; the wheels of government stood still; money once more came into active circulation; provisions, liberated from the chains of monopoly, arrived from all quarters; eating, drinking, and dancing were the order of the day; and, as if fortune had determined to signalise the reign, as it may be called, of the duke by her choicest triumphs, the news of the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle came

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It may be supposed that the character of the royal adventurer was severely tested during a period of more brilliant fortune than he could have enjoyed on the ducal throne. We must remember, however, that he was a mere lad, exposed to temptation of every kind, and not condemn too severely the vagaries into which he was led by his wild and restless spirit. Accustomed to indulgence, as it appeared, from his cradle, he never knew what it was to repress a wish, or even feel a doubt; and he plunged madly into all the excesses of the time and place, and led the way in dissipation as zealously as he had offered to head the ranks of war. But the strange thing was, that even in his wildest moments he never forgot his rank. Neither the madness of wine, nor the witcheries of beauty, ever betrayed him into laying aside, for an instant, the dignity of the prince; and thus it was, that even the companions of his most unguarded hours continued to look upon him with a kind of awe.

The hospitality of the monks, it will be seen, was highly convenient for the wandering sovereign, who had landed in Martinique without a coin in his pocket; but soon he had abundance of money from a more legitimate source. It chanced that the Duke de Penthievre possessed considerable property in the island; and his agent was of course not the last to present himself at the court of his constituent's brother-in-law. A gracious reception, and a half-hour's conversation in private, were sufficient to determine the honest man to do his duty to the family; and the Penthievre funds were freely placed at the disposal of the young prince. This circumstance completely shut the mouths of the few malcontents who still affected to doubt his rank; for the agent was a prudent and cautious man, well acquainted with the affairs and connexions of the house, and would never have taken such a step except from absolute conviction. The malcontents, besides, could not fail to see that the money was not intrusted to unworthy hands. An impostor would either have squandered the treasure in mad extravagance, or have hoarded it against the time when he might think it necessary to decamp; but the Duke of Modena was neither careful of money nor profuse, spending just what was proper and liberal in his station, but nothing more. The doubters could not have been strengthened in their unbelief even by the consideration that on so remote a stage it was possible for an impostor to strut his little hour undiscovered, for he was always most anxious to meet everybody who came from Europe; and independently of the two gentlemen who had already recognised his person, a third, more recently arrived, recollected having seen him the year before at Venice. And the occasion was somewhat remarkable; for his highness, in a frolic, had broken in a shop glass articles to the amount of L.1500, which he afterwards paid for. Was it wonderful that so wild a youth had taken the fancy to come to Martinique?

Wildnesses of this kind, however, were now over, for he was here in the school of the world. His European education had only been begun, though begun on a princely scale. He possessed a smattering of half-a-dozen different sciences; he spoke, though indifferently, several languages besides his own, and understood a very little Latin. His drawing was better than his writing; he was a capital horseman; and, more than all, notwithstanding his flightiness, he had a great fund of natural good sense and precision of thought. If to this we add the most absolute self-possession, and a serene tranquillity of manner which nothing could disturb, it will be felt that, both in his merits and defects, Hercules Renaud d'Est was every inch a prince.

The prince wrote to his family; and the governor, on his part, despatched a messenger to Europe to relate the extraordinary circumstances that had occurred, and demand instructions as to how the Duke of Modena should be treated. Six months had flowed past, and no answer

was received by either. The political crisis in the meantime had gone by, and the inhabitants of Martinique began to find the residence of their royal guest somewhat expensive. The prince himself, after having spent 50,000 crowns of the Penthievre funds, at last grew weary of his adventure; and in another month he hoisted an admiral's flag in a merchant ship, and, saluted by the cannon of the fort, took his departure for Portugal, with all his household, an almoner, and the king's physician at the colony.

Immediately on his back being turned, the long-expected courier arrived, bringing an order to the governor for the arrest of the stranger! By the same vessel the agent of the Duke de Penthievre received a severe reprimand for his want of caution in allowing himself to be fleeced of so large a sum; the duke, however, in consideration of all the circumstances, retaining him in his employment, and consenting to share the loss. Both these communications were very extraordinary. The order for the arrest, after a delay of six months, and presented only when the prince had left the island, appeared to indicate that the whole affair had been nothing more than a youthful frolic; and this seemed so fully confirmed by the otherwise unaccountable good-nature of the duke, that public opinion ran stronger than ever in favour of the young knight-errant.

This personage in due time arrived at Faro in Portugal, and was there received with a salute of artillery. On landing, he demanded to be provided with a courier, to send to his chargé d'affaires at Madrid, and likewise with the means of proceeding with his suite to Seville, where he intended to await the return of his messenger. All was complied with; and the prince, still living on borrowed funds, was the gayest of the gay, drinking, dancing, and making love so vehemently, that he became the envy of all the men, and the admiration of all the women. His entrance into Seville was like a triumph. The windows were crowded as he passed; the principal inhabitants waited upon him to pay their respects; and sumptuous entertainments were prepared for him; all of which he returned with a magnificence conformable to his rank. In the midst of this there came a new order for his arrest.

The prince was astonished, the people indignant, and the women, more especially, furious. He had taken up his abode at the convent of the Dominicans, who protected him for some time, but at length, on the fermentation becoming serious, consented to deliver him up to the authorities, provided this could be done without bloodshed. One attempt to take him was defeated by the courage of the youth, who defended himself with his sword; but at length a burly monk, who was accustomed to wait upon him at table, clasped his arms round him one day as he sat at dinner, and held him till the alguazils, rushing into the room, took him prisoner.

He was at first thrown into a dungeon, and strongly ironed; but the next day, for no reason that could be imagined—for he had haughtily refused to answer all interrogations—he was released from his irons, and lodged in the best apartment in the prison. The persons composing his retinue, however, were treated with less ceremony; they were examined regarding a supposed conspiracy to seize the island of Martinique, and banished from the dominions of Spain. The prince himself was ultimately condemned to the galleys.

When the time came for his removal to Cadiz, it appears that apprehensions were entertained of a commotion in his favour. The whole garrison of Seville was under arms, and the prince, supported by the captain and lieutenant, entered a carriage drawn by six mules, and proceeded through the town between two ranks of infantry which lined the streets. Opinions were still divided as to his pretensions to the ducal throne, and bets to the amount of 60,000 piastres depended upon the question. The extraordinary thing was, that there came an order from the court to prohibit the laying of

wagers; and, more extraordinary still, the messengers sent off by those who had money at stake, to decide the whole matter by finding him whom they supposed to be the real duke, were unsuccessful. No Duke of Modena was to be found in Italy!

Arrived at Cadiz, the prince was conducted to the fort of La Caragna, the commandant of which was instructed to treat him with *politeness*; and here he lived very comfortably for a time, busying himself in making such presents as the sale of his effects enabled him to afford, to those from whom he had received kindness in the course of his strange adventures. But the romance was at an end: the real Duke of Modena had been at length found; and our paladin, growing tired of a life without notoriety and without excitement, made his escape.

Soon after this, the captain of a merchantman which had come to anchor in the roads of Gibraltar went on shore, and reported to the governor that he had on board the individual who was so well known by the title of the Prince of Modena. 'Let him beware of landing then,' replied the governor, 'or I shall apprehend him immediately!' The captain looked perplexed. He returned slowly to his ship, weighed anchor, and set sail; and with him disappeared for ever this singular young man, as completely as a bubble vanishes from the face of the sea.

There are few of the monstrosities of romance which equal in wildness and improbability the above transcript from real life. The series of coincidences which favoured the imposture, and the numerous mistakes as to the personal identity of the hero, committed by persons who knew, or affected to know, the real prince, seem little less than miraculous; while the moderation of the Duke de Penthievre, and the tenderness exhibited by the court towards a convicted felon, throw around the whole story a romantic mystery, which, at this distance of time, it would be vain to attempt to penetrate.

ARTIFICIAL COLD.

SINCE the days of that dissipated heathen who, in order to cool the air during an oppressive summer, caused mountains of snow to be piled up, and suffered them to melt away, down to the present era, in which there prevails a rage for the thing, mankind has been incessantly in quest of refrigeratives. In those regions where ice and snow are found during winter, it became an easy expedient to store up such treasures of cold for use in warmer seasons; but where, if formed at all, they could only be of a momentary existence, it is manifest that some other means must be devised to supply the luxury of coldness to the noble and wealthy; and thus the art of artificial refrigeration—an art which has to boast of the elaborate researches of the ingenious Robert Boyle, and has occupied much of the consideration of other philosophers before and since—took its origin. We have already taken notice* of the now prevalent use and means of procuring beautiful ice for the table: we shall here present a brief sketch of the history, and a short notice of the methods, of producing cold artificially.

Cold, as a luxury, was far from being unknown to the ancients. The winter's snow or ice was rudely gathered up in heaps, or buried in pits, and covered with straw or chaff. But this was a wasteful, and grew to be an expensive method; and it became desirable to have ready means at every season, and independently of the accidents of the skies, for obtaining the same end. The simplest of these proceeded on the principle of loss of temperature, as a result of rapid evaporation. The Egyptians were accustomed to cool their water by placing it in earthen pitchers, the exterior of which was kept constantly wet by being sprinkled with water by slaves. It was the habit of one of their luxu-

rious monarchs to have several servants for this office alone, whose duties were to expose the water to cool on the summit of the palace, and constantly supply the royal table with the beverage. Cooling pits were also dug in the earth, into which the water-vessels were placed during the daytime; the exterior being well soaked with water, and then surrounded with the fresh leaves of a vine or other plant, evaporation rapidly went on, and the liquid became most agreeably cool. Another method is said to be mentioned by Plutarch, which was by casting into the water a number of small stones, the agitation and consequent evaporation produced by which would probably exercise a slightly frigorific power over the water. It was probably an accidental observation of what could not have failed to have been an everyday occurrence, that led to the next improvement in this method of refrigeration. Many of the earthen vessels of the Egyptians are made of unglazed ware: water placed in one of these was found to be considerably cooler than when kept in other vessels; and the more open and porous the material, the more rapid the transudation of the water, and its evaporation from the surface of the jars, and the greater the degree of cold obtained. Water-vases were then formed for that purpose solely; and the invention, unaltered in principle, has come down with increasing usefulness to the present time. Illustrations of the second great chemical law—that liquefaction produces cold—next followed. For ages in India, it had been the practice to cool beverages in that burning climate by dissolving saltpetre in water. From India the practice made its way into Europe; and Beckmann states that a Spanish physician, Blarius Villa Franca, practising at Rome, first introduced this method of producing cold in Italy about the middle of the sixteenth century. It is related that wine, placed in this mixture, was cooled to a degree making it almost intolerable to the teeth; and this was a considerable step in the history of artificial cold. Other saline substances came into use, and pits were formed, into which, on the large scale, the water to be cooled was put in vessels, surrounded by the cooling mixture. Finally came the important discovery, that an intensely-freezing mixture was capable of being formed by mixing snow or ice, and salt, together. A celebrated physician electrified a large audience by exhibiting its effects upon a bottle of wine, which he actually froze into ice; and 'this new method of freezing water' is also mentioned by Lord Bacon. Such are the conditions under which this subject has been handed down to existing posterity.

A little consideration of the processes described in this cursory sketch, of the chemical progress of the luxury, will show us that they are all reducible to the two axioms—that evaporation and liquefaction create cold. The philosophy of which facts is simply, that in the change of condition from a fluid to a vapour, and from a solid to a fluid, there is a change in the capacity for caloric. If a certain measure of water is to become vaporised, or if a certain weight of salt is to become a solution, these changes cannot occur without the water and the salt receiving an additional supply of heat, which is of course abstracted from all surrounding bodies; and the abstraction of heat being an equivalent expression to the production of cold, we are brought back to the truths with which we commenced, and have seen how evaporation and liquefaction produce cold. Caloric disappears in both cases, and, burying itself among the particles of the new product, is said to have become *latent*. There are some facts connected with the production of artificial ice which deserve mention here. The congelation of water is materially promoted by rapid motion. Water has, in fact, been cooled, and yet remained quite fluid, many degrees below the temperature at which it generally becomes ice; but the moment a little movement was communicated to the liquid, instantly the temperature rose to 32 degrees, and the mass became ice, needle-like crystals flying through its substance in a most curious manner. This

* No. 173 of our current series.

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fact was seized upon by the refrigeratists; and repeated accounts of making artificial ice are extant, in which much stress is evidently laid upon the act of stirring the fluid to be frozen rapidly round with a stick. The experience of mankind also appears to have discovered that water, after it has been boiled, freezes more rapidly than otherwise. It is a custom among many nations of warm climates either to warm the water in the sun, or to boil it, previous to attempting to reduce its temperature. Dr Black of Edinburgh published some experiments undertaken to determine the question; and his results were, that boiled water does freeze a little more rapidly than unboiled. The act of boiling expels the air; and as in freezing a similar expulsion takes place, a step is gained in advance of the unboiled liquid.

The means in present use for artificial refrigeration are very various, some of them very interesting. Among these, the employment of porous earthenware may receive an early place. The Moors introduced into Spain this article of luxury, in the shape of very elegant vases, wonderfully light and porous. Water kept in these became rapidly deliciously cool, and, from some peculiarity in the process of the manufacture of the vessels, it acquired, in addition, a very agreeable flavour. In Egypt, and in India, and in most sultry regions, this expedient is at the present time a very prevalent one. It has also for some time been extensively employed amongst ourselves—porous wine, butter, and water coolers, of many elegant designs, being now produced at our potteries. But porous ware keeps water coolest where the climate is hottest, the very increment of heat being made to react in the production of cold by rapid evaporation. The Moorish name for their earthen jugs was *Alcarrazos*, or *Bucaros*. The Arabs, burnt up with the eternal fire of their scorching country, make use of goat-skins for their water-vessels, which suffer a little water slowly to exude, and thus keep the remainder comparatively cool. A common method of cooling wines in India, is one which will almost appear a paradox: the bottle is wrapped in flannel wetted with water, and placed directly in the rays of the sun: violent evaporation ensues, and the wine actually becomes very cold. It is a common plan, too, for sailors, in warm latitudes, to cover their wine with cloths constantly wetted. Apartments are cooled on a similar principle, and an abundance of water is frequently dashed against the walls of the room with the most grateful effect. In India, also, the cold, so dangerous and penetrating on a clear night, is applied in a peculiar manner for the purpose of freezing water. Near Calcutta, in an open plain, there are large shallow excavations made in the ground, and filled with straw; upon this many rows of small, shallow, porous pans, filled with water, are placed at sunset. During the night ice forms in thin cakes upon the surface of these pans: it is carefully removed before sunrise, carried to a proper repository, and pounded into a mass there, and then covered over with blankets. This manufacture can only be pursued during the months of December, January, and February; and in the districts where the ice is formed in this manner, it is never produced naturally. This ingenious process must wholly disappear before the new import of Wenham Lake ice. What a revolution has commerce effected in India, when we remember that early travellers in that country were looked upon as liars and impostors for asserting the possibility of solidifying water into ice!

Where saline substances are cheap, the more powerful mode of refrigeration has been the use of the frigorific mixture. Some of these mixtures are capable of producing the most intense cold known to philosophy.* Dissolving saltpetre in water creates a very useful degree of cold; and where the salt is plentiful, as in India, it has long been employed for this purpose. It was the

peculiar duty of one domestic to cool beverages for the table by this means, who received the impregnated solution for his perquisite. Where, however, snow or ice is procurable, the intensity of the freezing mixture rises to its higher points. Snow and salt produce a mixture which was deemed by Fahrenheit to be of the greatest possible degree of cold. This was the temperature of his zero. Our confectioners are in the habit of using for their craft a mixture of pounded ice and salt. The substance known as chloride of calcium, mixed with snow, produces a most severe cold, sufficiently great to freeze mercury. Mr Walker, to whose interesting experiments upon this subject it stands much indebted, was on one occasion able, by successive coolings, to attain a depth of cold equal to 91 degrees below Fahrenheit's unhappy zero. In the laboratory of the chemist, great degrees of cold are procurable by the use of highly volatile liquids for evaporation. Every juvenile chemist's ears have tingled with the startling enunciation of the possibility of freezing a man to death in the height of summer, by wetting him constantly with ether—which is, however, a fact hitherto undemonstrated. The sulphuret of carbon, and, more recently, liquid sulphurous acid, both of them exceedingly volatile fluids, create intense cold by their evaporation. The almost magical experiments of M. Boutigny, in which water was frozen in a red-hot crucible, were effected by the assistance of sulphurous acid in the liquid form. The remarkable substance, liquid carbonic acid, takes the highest rank as a frigorific agent known. Mr Addams of Kensington actually manufactures this curious liquid as an article of commerce, and has occasionally as much as nine gallons of it in store. In drawing it from its powerful reservoirs, it evaporates so rapidly, as to freeze itself, and it is then a light porous mass, like snow. If a small quantity of this is drenched with ether, the degree of cold produced is even more intolerable to the touch than boiling water! a drop or two of the mixture producing blisters, just as if the skin had been burned. Mr Addams states, that in eight minutes he has frozen in this way a mass of mercury weighing ten pounds.

There have been some mechanical contrivances for the manufacture of ice. Evaporation may be accelerated mechanically to a degree so great, as to produce ice in considerable quantities, and this is the principle of Sir John Leslie's celebrated freezing apparatus. In conducting some experiments upon the rarefaction of air, he was led to conceive the idea of manufacturing ice on the large scale from a little phenomenon observed in the receiver of his air-pump. Introducing a watch-glass full of water, and in contact with sulphuric acid, into the receiver of his air-pump, and on making a few strokes with the piston, the water was converted into a mass of solid ice! With a body of parched oatmeal instead of the acid as the absorbent of moisture, he froze a pound and a quarter of water into ice. Experiments on the large scale followed; powerful machines were constructed, and various improvements were adopted in the apparatus, all tending to facilitate its application to the wants or luxuries of mankind. Several of these machines have been exported into hot climates. Dr Ure suggested steam as the vacuising power; and the idea has been conceived, that wherever a steam-engine is employed, there an ice apparatus might be erected and sustained at a trifling cost, with great prospect of productiveness.

The most recent ice-machine is 'Masters's Apparatus,' the principal feature of which is, that a metallic cylinder is made to undergo rapid rotation in a freezing mixture, the motion appearing in a singular manner to expedite and facilitate the process.

Some account of the applications of artificial cold may perhaps suitably conclude our paper. For some time the ingenuity of men in this particular developed itself no further than in simply cooling wine and other beverages; but a more refined and even elegant mode of doing so was afterwards discovered. In Boyle's 'History of Cold,' it is stated that he was accustomed to

* It will be noticed, that throughout this article the term cold is made use of for convenience's sake, as if it indicated a positive principle, and were not, as it is, a mere negation.

make wine-cups of ice, by means of tin moulds, for use in hot weather: pleasant trifles, as he calls them, which imparted a delicious coolness to the wine poured into them. In an old romance, named the 'Argenis,' a dinner in summer is described, at which fresh apples half-encrusted with ice, and a basin of ice filled with wine, were among the curiosities upon the table. Then came the invention of water-ices by one Procope, an Italian, who had an immense sale for them in Paris. Cream ices, and the iced juice of fruits, were then made, and found a rapid consumption. More recently, the art of the confectioner has applied this process to imitate many kinds of fruit and peaches—apricots and nectarines of ice—copying the originals with curious fidelity.

FEMALE EDUCATION.

THE POSITIVE—THE POSSIBLE.

GREAT as are the improvements the last twenty years have seen in female education, and continually increasing as is the number of enlightened and faithful teachers who, having dedicated their lives to the work, carry it on with renewed success from day to day, it is still a melancholy fact that, in the majority of our schools, we find many of the old mistakes in full force, together with a general non-progressiveness of character which, to the thoughtful, becomes a subject for serious consideration.

To such as call to mind the days of back-boards and samplers, and knowing only the really good schools of to-day, rejoicingly draw a contrast between past and present, the assertion just made will probably appear both uncalled for and unjust. But that, unhappily, it is neither the one nor the other, increasing acquaintance with facts will testify. So far from wishing to obtain credit for her statement through undue weight attached to the facts on which it is based, the sole desire of the writer is to induce a more careful inquiry into what schools are, and a more earnest consideration of what they should be. Still, such facts as she may adduce—not being selected to serve a purpose, but chosen from the general number as most characteristic and expressive, and being all matter, not of hearsay, but of personal knowledge—deserve that degree of consideration which should be accorded to every contribution, however humble, to the cause of truth. It may assist the better understanding of the subject, if we take a particular class of schools, in order to indicate the traces of old errors still to be found in them; and perhaps those in which it will be most easy to demonstrate our position are the religious.

But before going farther, an attempt must be made to guard, if possible, against misconception. It is the primary article of the writer's faith, that however gifted or amiable an instructress may be, whatever her native powers or acquired accomplishments, she is unfitted for the charge of rational and immortal beings unless her heart, mind, and conscience be under the influence of religion. In speaking, then, of 'religious schools,' it must be borne in mind that it is to such as have taken to themselves the name, not such as we should be disposed to give it to, that reference is always made. These are sometimes farther characterised as 'evangelical.' Now, in the use of this word, we are influenced only by a desire of indicating to those who are conversant with them the class of schools referred to, and it is employed with as little of an invidious meaning as the terms 'preparatory' or 'finishing' would be, if they suited our purpose. However designated, perhaps the great mistake of the schools in question consists in this, that religion, which they are undoubtedly right in making their first object, is so formally and unattractively presented, so restlessly obtruded at all times and seasons, and so connected with pain and discomfort, that unless a strong interest has been already gained for it in the more genial atmosphere of home, the best result we can hope for is—indifference,

and that which we shall most commonly find—dislike. For it will not be asserted, that to bring tired children in from a long walk—where, if really desirous to improve, they are just beginning to arrange how to make the best of their time—and summoning them all around you, to read six consecutive chapters from the Bible—prophecy, history, genealogy, or doctrine, just as it may happen—are the means best calculated to give a love for the Scriptures. Or that, after prolonging lessons for an hour and a-half before breakfast, to keep them kneeling a quarter of an hour or more on a cold morning, whilst you are pouring forth prayers which, however true of your individual soul, are without meaning to youthful hearers, is the most hopeful way of leading their hearts to God. And yet these are the established usages of religious schools. One verse from the Bible, chosen with reference to time and place—one heartfelt aspiration, poured into the ear of a child whose heart was tuned to receive it—would do as much good as these well-meant but ill-judged attempts do harm. Nor are they the only customs that appear injudicious. The habit of learning from the Bible as a lesson, of being hurried to church twice in the heat of the summer day, and reproved for the consequent bodily weariness, as if it were a moral crime; the dulness and gloom of Sundays, the formal preachments made on the slightest occasions, and the unfortunate practice of meeting children at every turn with no lighter argument than the Day of Judgment—all these are mistakes more generally made, and more serious in their consequences, than any who are unacquainted with the subject practically can well imagine. So little knowledge of the child's nature is sometimes shown, that an 'Essay on Faith' has been required as a vacation lesson from a whole school, including at least two little girls under eleven. Now, if this had been imposed only on the advanced pupils, by whom the subject was understood and felt, and the younger ones suffered to write on some other subject within their comprehension, no fault could have been found. But imagine unfortunate little beings suddenly stopping in the midst of some game to which they have given their whole heart, and vainly striving to recollect some text, or fragment of a text, that may stand in place of original ideas, and fill a decent page in the theme book! Imagine the utter dislike they will feel to such subjects for years to come. Teachers seldom fail to see this dislike, but for the most part attribute it to natural perversion and innate depravity. God knows, there is enough of both in every heart, however comparatively innocent; but the question is—Is the right means taken for removing it? And to some of us the farther question arises—May not the mistakes of the teacher help to confirm the wrong feelings of the child? Again: in many schools deceit is effectually taught by the system of espionage maintained over letters. If children are told to say just what they like, but know at the same time that every word they do say will be overlooked, they will, either consciously or unconsciously, be hypocrites in the writing. They cannot fail to say what is likely to give pleasure or gain favour; and going in time a step farther, when communications of a contrary nature have to be made, a piece of paper will be slyly slipped in after supervision of the original letter.

And yet, under these influences are brought up every year a large number of children, whose parents, thinking they have secured for them the inestimable benefit of a sound religious education, vainly hope to see springing up in their hearts that good seed which, for want of due preparation of the soil, has never taken root. Happy is it if they do not find in its place indifference, callousness, deceit. Now it seems impossible that intelligent parents, and honest but mistaken teachers, should meditate on these evils without feeling that they must be removed, at whatever cost or effort.

It is to such I address myself in the following attempt to determine how many of the errors that belong to our present school system are essentially inter-

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woven with it, and how many only make part of it by accidental association; in short, to set the positive in the light of the possible.

In doing this, we require one principle given; namely, that schools are a substitute, and at best a poor one, for home training, which, when attainable with few or none of the inconveniences commonly attached to it, we hold to be the perfect mode of education, the normal state appointed by God; and which, therefore, we may not change without weighty and sufficient reasons.

This principle granted, and the school admitted to be a substitute for the home, a good school is that in which the best features of the home are copied, and its highest advantages secured. By this practical test the merits of the system may be tried, and the causes of failure indicated, if failed it have.

I. In the first place, if a school is to resemble a home, some proportion must exist between the numbers contained in both. And here I should observe, that I am speaking altogether and entirely of female education, and of education as apart from, and above, mere instruction. Large public schools for boys are, by common consent, one of the many necessary evils with which the world abounds. With these, therefore, we have no desire to meddle. But desirable as public spirit and hardihood may be for boys, they are not the objects we propose to ourselves in bringing up our daughters; neither for them do we make the attainment of intellectual excellence our first desire. On the contrary, the culture of the domestic affections, the formation of the character, the strengthening of that heroic, self-denying element which is the basis of a woman's nature, and which enables her to find in duty its own motive and reward, and to do right for the right's sake—these are the ends every thoughtful parent would seek to pursue in the education of his daughters. As much intellectual attainment, as many external accomplishments as may be consistent with these, he will desire, and no more. Now the home influences, where the moral atmosphere is pure, will be found precisely adapted to secure these ends. The parental affection in which children 'live, move, and have their being,' tends to develop the feeling of love in their young hearts; whilst the deep interest of the parent must quicken his comprehension of the individual character of the child, and teach him how to bring about that peculiar combination of qualities which he desires to see him possessed of.

These being some of the peculiar characteristics of home education, it is at once evident that a large school can never supply its place; for the affection and interest with which each child is regarded by the 'principal' must be infinitesimal, even if, as too often happens, the feeling of individuality is not lost sight of altogether. If a school, then, be intended to supply the place of the home, it must be sufficiently limited in extent to admit of the same close study of individual character, and will differ chiefly from the natural home in bringing together companions nearer of an age than can possibly be found amongst brothers and sisters. In this respect, and in this only, the school has necessarily the advantage. Many children, studying single-handed, find a degree of dulness in their occupations which would be quickly removed by the presence of companions. Again: unless two or three sisters are very nearly of an age, the consequence of teaching them together is, that the elder is kept back, and grows idle; or, more probably, that the powers of the younger are overstrained. Now, it is by no means asserted that many girls of twelve are incapable of studying with sisters two or three years older—for age is by no means synonymous with power, there being greater capability in some at ten than in others at fifteen. Still, the rule of course is, that fellow-students of the same age are preferable. Moreover, all wise teachers know that children often gain from each other, both mentally and morally, fully as much as it is in the instructor's power to bestow. Difficult as it is to make this clear to any who have not studied education practically, by those who have, it will be readily

admitted, because the philosophy of it is rightly understood.

II. The first point being established—that a school must resemble a family in extent—the second is naturally connected with it—that its mode of government shall be the same; namely, patriarchal. That all large schools are despotisms, is by no means asserted; but that they have a natural tendency to become so, can scarcely be denied. In legislating for numbers, recourse must be had to rules, regulations, formulae, and other mechanical substitutes for personal direction; whilst every school not larger than a family might be governed, as all wisely-ordered families are, almost, if not altogether, by principles. Each member might feel herself the object of the watchful care and affectionate interest of the head, and might partake as largely of the infusion of her spirit. But this is only possible on the supposition that her heart is loving, her judgment sound, and her energy unfailing.

III. In the third place, every head of a school who undertakes to supply the place of home education, must have deeper views of what is required from her, and be more far-sighted with regard to the future, than the majority of our teachers at present are. A school is too often a mere intellectual mill, employed in grinding out of unfortunate children a certain quantity of labour for present purposes. Lessons appear to be learned in order to be said, and said to be speedily forgotten. Candour, however, requires us to admit that the whole of this mistake is not to be charged to school-mistresses; parents often, by their ill-judged desire to see their children advance rapidly, adding fuel to that flame by which the powers of young minds are wasted and destroyed. On both sides there is a want of that wise economy by which the immediate results of intellectual efforts are made a part, and but a small part, of the advantages to be derived; the chief gain being the moral discipline involved, and the power this gives for future years; or, to confine our attention to the intellect, the sharpening and strengthening of the faculties, rather than the immediate knowledge they are the means of procuring. Now, the great intellectual mistake in many schools is, that there is no working for the future. Young people are not shown practically that all their studies and pursuits are mainly valuable for the promise they hold out, and the facilities they afford, for future attainments. Could we show them in the present the germ of the future, and make it clear to their minds how much their happiness here and hereafter depends on the faithful fulfilment of those simple duties which they are accustomed to regard as mere indifferent routine, how much more lifelike and earnest would be their daily employments! Common situations, and unromantic circumstances, would then content them; for into the meanest they would see the possibility of carrying all those great deeds and high thoughts which they have revered in others, and perhaps sighed for in themselves. Their life would thus become a connected whole, instead of in its two periods offering the slavery of school, and the emancipation of leaving it, with nothing to show the oneness and reality of existence. There can be no doubt that, if judiciously attempted, it will be found possible, without making young persons prematurely thoughtful, to show them the close connection between those two stages of education which they have been accustomed to think so different—the school-teaching, and the life-teaching. A wise teacher will do even more than this. Foreseeing the end of all her efforts from the very beginning, and gradually approximating towards it by slow degrees, in proportion as she finds the power of self-guidance developed, she will remove external motive and stimulus, and so prepare the mind to depend on itself, that, when the period arrives for losing sight of authority altogether, the change shall be in many important particulars imperceptible.

Neither is it necessary that young women should leave school, as they often do, with little preparation

for the active duties of life. No other law but the absurd one of fashion has laid down the cultivation of all kinds of useless and frivolous needlework, to the exclusion, in many cases, of that particular branch in which every woman should be well practised. The period of life passed at school is that on which future happiness and usefulness mainly depend, it being during the course of this that habits are, to a certain extent, unalterably formed. To accustom young people, therefore, exclusively to the use of Berlin wools and floss silks, is to preclude the hope of their being, in one important particular, useful mistresses of families.

iv. Are schools and school-life necessarily and unavoidably the dull, formal, *negative* things we commonly find them? May not the cultivation of a loving spirit in the young people, together with constant cheerfulness, intelligent conversation, and an animated manner in the principal, help to make a school-life a happy and pleasant one—inferior to home only in the one great particular, of separation from relatives?

In the present administration of schools, one of the principal mistakes arises from the fear of giving too free a course to that natural reaction, that exuberance of spirits, which is found to follow close attention to study. Now, as certainly as we must relax the bow before we can hope to see it firmly strung, so surely does earnest study require at intervals the most unbounded freedom, the most unrestrained enjoyment of every rational and harmless amusement. Children who do not play with all their heart, are seldom found to learn with all their might; whilst in those who do, the energy and vitality of the playground will accompany the mind to the study, unless some chilling influence meet it on the way. Of refreshing, inspiriting amusements, bodily as well as mental, children at school have too small a share. They are for the most part characterised by a grave dulness of character, a dignified nonchalance of manner, which, painful as we feel it in all, is absolutely hopeless in the young: for it is one of the surest indications of that solemn listlessness which gives us the peculiar specimen of animated nature so puzzling to many of our philosophers—the young lady from school. Under a more lifelike and enterprising government, this negativity of character would cease to exist. The peculiarities of individuals would be cherished and rejoiced in; and school girls would no longer be distinguished from their fellow-mortals by the habit, when dining in tolerably large numbers, of asking for the wing of a fowl all round the table. In all seriousness, we do desire to see a less *generic* character in the young, who have years enough before them, with no lack of influences, to wear them down to the customary degree of conventional commonplaceness. But this desirable change will not be effected so long as the formal walk for an hour in the day, and the dance in which the posture-master's frown is feared, are held relaxation sufficient for young minds and limbs. Not merely walking, running races, and every game that can be pursued out of doors, but gardening, botany, excursions, visits to manufactories, &c. will help to give a definite object to our exercise, and thereby preserve us from lassitude; a state, by the by, so unnatural to the young, that we never see it—except in the single case of ill-health—without mentally laying the blame on the seniors in charge.

v. The chief points connected with the wellbeing of schools are, undoubtedly, the four we have been attempting to consider; namely, extent, government, purpose, spirit. Many practical points will, however, be found to have great influence on their success; such as choice of situation, arrangement of time, &c. With regard to the former, I feel no hesitation in saying that every school should be, if not quite in the country, still so near it, as to admit of much time being spent every day in the fields and lanes, and without the annoyance of passing through crowded streets in order to reach them. Indeed, unless insurmountable difficulties are in the way, every school should be not only near, but

in the country; for health and happiness are both involved in making the most not only of the hour, or hour and a-half, devoted to a walk, but of the fragments of time which are constantly occurring between studies, and before and after meals. There is, moreover, an invigorating influence in constantly breathing pure air, the absence of which is poorly compensated by all that a large town has to offer in the shape of lectures or exhibitions. But the advantages of both may be partially united by a situation in the country, in the immediate neighbourhood of a town. And in cases where this is not attainable, which will form the majority, the loss of all town advantages is more than made up to us by any picturesqueness the neighbourhood may afford. To teach a child to love nature, is far more important than to make her a connoisseur in works of art; though, unfortunately, it is less understood. It can only be effected by living in the midst of fair scenes, and keeping the heart always open to their influence. If this advantage be once given, little positive teaching will be found necessary; there being a secret affinity between the freshness of young hearts and the joyousness of nature, by which all our attempts at formal introductions are felt to be wholly gratuitous. It is because this is imperfectly, if at all, understood by many teachers, that young people are often charged with being idle, when they are in reality full of thought and feeling. A child lies down under a shady tree, and shuts his eyes to feel the sweet breath of summer; or looks up into the interwoven branches, and wonders why they seem to be in the sky, and why the sky looks like another sea, and wherein sky and sea differ from each other, until he loses himself altogether in reverie. The teacher finds him thus engaged, and because he is neither conjugating, nor calculating, nor poring over book or map, pronounces him idle. Now, it would be most absurd to dream of children's spending their time either entirely or principally in this desultory manner, when the advantages of regular employments are known to be invaluable. Still, it is both unjust and unwise to confound together two things so utterly distinct as the love of nature and the love of idleness.

vi. With regard to the arrangement of time, a few practical hints will best explain what is meant.

Work should be always close and earnest, but not too long-continued. Two hours are, perhaps, the longest time children should ever be allowed to study without some interval of rest longer or shorter. For every young children, even this is too much. They cannot give their best attention so long; or, if they can, that is the strongest of all reasons for never suffering them to do it on any pretext whatever. Intellectual studies should occupy the hours of the morning; music and drawing those of the afternoon; and the evening should be given to work, amusing reading, chess, and all games that afford either exercise to the limbs or relaxation to the mind. It is the time for establishing a cordial sympathy between all the members of a family, by leading each to employ his peculiar talent for the benefit of the rest. All attempts to make the day begin and end with work are, therefore, mistakes, and deserve to be as unsuccessful as we invariably find them. We are not sent into this world *only* to learn Greek, and Latin, and 'theologies'; but to comfort and be comforted, to bless and be blessed. The child whose last thoughts every night are of grammars and lexicons, will make but an ungenial companion in after-life. In female education more especially, where the moral and spiritual culture is all-important, this truth must be carefully borne in mind.

One word in conclusion, to explain the earlier pages of this paper. Religious schools were selected for notice as being more numerous, more influential, and more generally believed in than any others. The follies of fashionable seminaries, and the sins of intellectual hothouses, have already been so fully exposed, that little faith can remain in them among the intelligent; whilst the existence in religious schools of the mis-

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takes we have attempted to point out, is wholly unsuspected by the majority of parents, and can never have been duly considered by the teachers themselves.

And now, with a full conviction that the foregoing observations, however crude in form, are true in substance, the writer commits them to the earnest consideration of all concerned in education. She is conscious that many other particulars might have been brought forward, and many truths more clearly indicated. But this has happened intentionally, and not by accident. Her object is to suggest merely, to throw on the subject just as much light as will serve to guide those less practically conversant with it; and to point out to any who have been working without reflecting, the greatness of their responsibility for good or for evil.

A STORY OF APSLEY HOUSE.

ONE fine autumn day, in the year 1750, as his majesty George II. was taking a ride in Hyde Park, his eye was attracted by the figure of an old soldier, who was resting on a bench placed at the foot of an oak-tree. The king, whose memory of faces was remarkable, recognised him as a veteran who had fought bravely by his side in some of his continental battles; and kindly accosting him, the old man, who was lame, hobbled towards him.

'Well, my friend,' said the monarch, 'it is now some years since we heard the bullets whistle at the battle of Dettingen: tell me what has befallen you since.'

'I was wounded in the leg, please your majesty, and received my discharge, and a pension, on which my wife and I are living, and trying to bring up our only son.'

'Are you comfortable? Is there anything you particularly wish for?'

'Please your majesty, if I might make bold to speak, there is one thing that would make my wife, poor woman, as happy as a queen, if she could only get it. Our son is a clever boy, and as we are anxious to give him a good education, we try every means in our power to turn an honest penny; so my wife keeps an apple-stall outside the Park gate, and on fine days, when she is able to be out, she often sells a good deal. But sun and dust spoil the fruit, and rainy weather keeps her at home; so her profits are but little—not near enough to keep our boy at school. Now, please your majesty, if you would have the goodness to give her the bit of waste ground outside the Park gate, we could build a shed for her fruit-stall, and it would be, I may say, like an estate to us.'

The good-natured monarch smiled, and said, 'You shall have it, my friend. I wish all my subjects were as moderate in their requests as you.' He then rode on, followed by the grateful blessings of his faithful veteran.

In a few days a formal conveyance of the bit of ground to James Allen, his wife, and their heirs for ever, was forwarded to their humble dwelling. The desired shed was speedily erected, and the good woman's trade prospered beyond her expectations. Often, indeed, the king himself would stop at the Park gate to accost her, and taking an apple from her tempting store, deposit a golden token in its place. She was thus enabled to procure a good education for her son, who really possessed considerable talents.

Years rolled on. George II. and the veteran were both gathered to their fathers; but Mrs Allen still carried on her trade, hoping to lay up some money for her son, who was become a fine young man, and had obtained a situation as head clerk in a large haberdashery establishment. He lived with his mother in a neat, though humble dwelling, a little way out of the city; and thither he hoped soon to bring a fair young bride, the daughter of a Mr Gray, a music teacher, who resided near them. 'Sweet Lucy Gray!' as her lover was wont to call her, had given her consent, and the happy day was already fixed.

One morning, however, when Mrs Allen proceeded as usual to her place of merchandise, she was startled to perceive the space around her fruit-stall filled with workmen conveying stones, mortar, and all the implements necessary for commencing a building. Some were standing round the shed, evidently preparing to demolish it. 'Come, old lady,' said one of the men, 'move your things out of this as fast as you can, for we can do nothing until the shed is down.'

'My shed!' she exclaimed; 'and who has given you authority to touch it?'

'The Lord Chancellor,' was the reply; 'he has chosen this spot for a palace that he is going to build, and which is intended to be somewhat grander than your fruit-stall. So look sharp about moving your property, for the shed must come down.'

Vain were the poor woman's tears and lamentations; her repeated assertions that the late king had given her the ground for her own, were treated with ridicule; and at length she returned home heart-sick and desponding.

Misfortunes, it is said, seldom come alone. That evening Edward Allen entered his mother's dwelling wearing a countenance as dejected as her own. He threw himself on a chair, and sighed deeply. 'Oh, mother!' he said, 'I fear we are ruined: Mr Elliot has failed for an immense sum; there is an execution on his house and goods, and I and all his clerks are turned adrift. Every penny we possessed was lodged in his hands, and now we shall lose it all. Besides, there have been lately so many failures in the city, that numbers of young men are seeking employment, and I'm sure I don't know where to turn to look for it. I suppose,' he added, trying to smile, 'we shall have nothing to depend on but your little trade; and I must give up the hope of marrying sweet Lucy Gray. It will be hard enough to see you suffering from poverty without bringing her to share it.'

'Oh, Edward,' said his mother, 'what you tell me is bad enough; but, my poor boy, I have still worse news for you.' She then, with many tears, related the events of the morning, and concluded by asking him what they were to do. Edward paused. 'And so,' said he at length, 'the Lord Chancellor has taken a fancy to my mother's ground, and her poor fruit-stall must come down to make room for his stately palace. Well, we shall see. Thank God we live in free, happy England, where the highest has no power to oppress the lowest. Let his lordship build on: he cannot seize that which his sovereign bestowed on another. Let us rest quietly to-night, and I feel certain that all will yet be well.'

The following day Edward presented himself at the dwelling of the Lord Chancellor. 'Can I see his lordship?' he inquired of the grave official who answered his summons.

'My lord is engaged just now, and cannot be seen except on urgent business.'

'My business is urgent,' replied the young man; 'but I will await his lordship's leisure.'

And a long waiting he had. At length, after sitting in an anteroom for several hours, he was invited to enter the audience chamber. There, at a table covered with books and papers, sat Lord Apsley. He was a dignified-looking man, still in the prime of life, with a pleasant countenance and quick penetrating eye. 'Well, my friend,' he said, 'what can I do for you?'

'Your lordship can do much,' replied Edward; 'yet all I seek is justice. You have chosen, as the site for your new palace, a piece of ground which his majesty King George II. bestowed on my parents and their heirs for ever; and since my father's death, my mother has remained in undisturbed possession. If your lordship will please to read this paper, you will see that what I state is the fact.'

Lord Apsley took the document, and perused it attentively. 'You are right, young man,' he said; 'the ground is indeed secured to your family by the act of our late gracious sovereign. I took possession of it,

believing it to be a waste spot, but I now find I must become the tenant of your surviving parent. What does she expect for it?

'That,' said Edward, 'she is satisfied to leave to your lordship. We are confident that the chief lawgiver of our country will do what is just and right.'

'You shall not be disappointed, young man,' replied the chancellor. 'I was offered a site for my palace, equally eligible, at a yearly rent of four hundred pounds. That sum I will pay your mother, and have it properly secured to her heirs for ever.'

Edward thanked his lordship, and respectfully withdrew.

Before a week had elapsed, his mother was established in a neat and comfortable dwelling in one of the suburbs; and ere two had gone by, sweet Lucy (no longer Gray) might be seen in the sunny little garden filling a basket with the fruit of a golden pippin-tree, which the old lady pronounced to be almost as fine as the apples which his gracious majesty King George II. was wont to select from her stall at Hyde Park Corner.

And thus it came to pass that the stately mansion of England's warrior-duke is subject, at the present day, to a ground rent of four hundred pounds a-year, payable to the representatives of the old applewoman.

RECOLLECTIONS OF SARDINIA.

IN the year 1847, the Mediterranean is covered with steamboats: the united genii of steam and wind hurry forward the traveller for business or pleasure with absolute certainty to his destination, and without his being obliged by the way to dispense with either a good dinner or a clean bed. But ten years ago, men and things in the south still went on in their old way. Steamboats were then confined to the line between Marseilles, Malta, and Constantinople; and the communication between the outlying ports and islands was still kept up principally by small half-decked sailing-boats, lateen-rigged, and from thirty to forty tons burden, the passengers by which found their own provisions, and for bed and accommodation got on as they could—that is to say, very badly. The variable winds of the Mediterranean often made this mode of transit a great trial of patience; but it was the very best way to see and study the magnificent coast scenery. From the exceeding depth and transparency of the atmosphere, the mountain back-grounds in the interior, at the distance of very many miles, stand out startlingly near and distinct to the eye, forming, with the infinite sea, the framework to a landscape which every change of the bark, as it creeps by the shore, constantly varies and renews, while it gives time enough for each characteristic curve and blending of the sea and land to impress itself unchangeably on the memory. The steamboat traveller goes straight to his point; but he sees nothing of this. Comfort and expedition are his object, and he obtains them; but it is at the expense of all the essential beauty of the voyage.

We embarked at Bastia in the felucca Giustina, on the second day of July, and it was the ninth before we reached Cagliari in Sardinia, a distance of three hundred miles; for during half the time the air was motionless, and we lay roasting on the smooth swell of the Mediterranean under an almost vertical sun. Every afternoon, about four o'clock, it lightened, but without thunder; and from this the horizon was in a blaze till sunset, when short interrupted squalls came on with rain, and lasted till midnight. On the evening of the seventh day, we brought to in the magnificent bay of Cagliari, among a fleet of fishing-boats. It is worth a week's confinement on board to feel the rapture of exchanging the eternal pitching and rocking of a small vessel for the motionless earth, especially when one has been living in the midst of dirt indescribable, on hard pears, indigestible fowls, garlic, and ship's biscuit. Our hotel, when we reached it, was anything but a

palace—a stone edifice of two storeys in height, very large and dirty, built in a square, with a court in the middle, and galleries all round the sides. On the left, as we entered, was a large hall, like the salles in France and Belgium, with great heavy blinds at one end that admitted air, but no light; and at the other end an open staircase, inlaid with some kind of yellow wood, leading to offices and bedrooms. The hall was full of men, short, mahogany-coloured, and with faces half-buried in hair, with here and there a naval or military uniform among them, seated in groups at little round tables, smoking, gaming, and drinking wine and lemonade. We took some wine, and went to bed, being very tired, where we managed finally to sleep in spite of the noise, which seemed to go on just the same all through the night.

Cagliari, like most Mediterranean towns, is striking without, and infamous within. An amphitheatre of houses sweeps round the bay, tier rising over tier about two-thirds up the sides of a conical hill, four hundred feet high, very glorious to the eye, but very tiring to climb. Within, the streets are narrow and mean, paved with small pitching stones, set obliquely with the points turned upwards; at every third or fourth house a clothes-line dangles with linen hung out to dry, the only sign of washing observable during our stay, for the dirt is universal, and surpasses language to describe. A traveller fresh from home is struck with the completely Italian look of the place: the houses lofty, and with colonnades, the shops full of garlic, sausages, and little figures of saints. There are several remarkably handsome churches, crammed full of votive offerings. There is a spacious cathedral, with a façade composed of solid slabs of white marble; and another, nearly as large, having a multitude of side chapels, one of them illustrious in the island for a giant picture of Antichrist and his followers, represented in the various shapes of dogs, wolves, and bears, among whom Luther, Beza, and Calvin figure conspicuously. But these stately edifices add little to the general effect, being built up with the meanest class of shops reared against their sides; nor are they such as would attract much notice among the like kind of structures on the continent. The real interest of a city like this lies in its men and women.

In Sardinia, every one wears a different dress, according to his district. The people of Cagliari dress differently from those of Sassari; the natives of the highlands from those of the lowlands; the peasantry of one parish from those of the next. Compared with our own sober-vested population, among whom every male above the rank of a labourer wears a frock-coat and round hat, a town like this looks like a tulip bed. Some of the men wear a large hat, with a party-coloured handkerchief bound tight round the head, the corner hanging down behind, and a close waistcoat of tanned leather folding on the breast, and reaching nearly to the knee. That huge swarthy fellow, with his bare neck burnt almost to a brick-dust hue with the sun, in a jacket of goat-skin, and a Highlander's bonnet covering his matted hair, has just come down from the mountains a dozen miles off, to sell his winter's store of wild-boars' hams in the metropolis, and is chaffering with a citizen in a flaming red bonnet, and black kilt falling gracefully over his scanty under-garments, and fastened at the collar with silver buttons. They have commenced amicably; but at each interchange their voices are getting an octave higher, and the Highlander's hand is clutching mechanically at his knife. Standing in a group by themselves are a number of sturdy, thick-legged, mahogany-coloured mountain-women, loaded with fruit and vegetables: as they glance at the cloaked and hooded cittadini, what a pride they evidently feel in the contrast presented by their flaming scarlet stockings, and bright yellow cloth caps with scarlet borders, and immeasurably full petticoats starting forth with a swirl from the hips, like the pictures of our grandmothers when hoops were the fashion. The ladies dress in caps

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and bonnets here as elsewhere; but the citizens' wives still remain faithful to the ancient white Greek veil, thrown gracefully over the head and shoulders, contrasting admirably with the deep, dark flashing eyes, and pencilled classical lineaments, which strongly mark their Grecian origin. Many of these women are perfect models in face and figure, and would be fascinating, but for those unnameable coarsenesses too common to the women of the south, but revolting to an Englishman.

It is not at every hour of the day, however, that such groups are to be seen. From sunset till sunrise the place is as a city of the dead, all who can do so keeping within doors, with closed windows; or if compelled to go out, muffling themselves carefully up with a bandage drawn completely over the mouth, for fear of the malaria, which is worse here even than in the lowlands of Rome, and has been known to prove fatal within twenty-four hours. At mid-day, in like manner, the streets are empty, the *colps di sole*, or sun-stroke, being almost as much dreaded as the malaria. Early morning, before the sun has come on, is the time for disposing of the little necessary business; and in the afternoon, by six o'clock, when the intense heat is in a great measure gone off, all the world is out to enjoy the short glorious twilight which accompanies the setting sun. The streets are full of people thronging to the shore; one fine one, especially, running along the head of the bay, along which the evening breeze is fast stealing up, as is evident from the shifting of the distant sails, and the broken glitter of the sunbeams where they strike upon the crisping and undulating waters. Groups of singers, with guitars and screaming flageolets,* draw out interminable love ditties; criers proclaim the last day's assassination; children bawl and romp; men smoke, swear, talk politics, and abuse their fellow-subjects across the water; women, stepping daintily to and fro, scream recognition to their acquaintances at the tops of their voices; the passionate southern temperament is at its full swing of vitality and enjoyment, when the boom of the evening gun is heard sullenly over all. In ten minutes the streets are once more full of gesticulating groups, trotting hurriedly homeward; and in ten minutes more their only occupants are here and there the solitary sentinels, to whose lot it has fallen to face the fatal whisperings of the night breeze, which brings death upon its wings.

A week was quite enough to give to Cagliari during the malaria season, when everybody that could do so was away and in the mountains. We paid our bill, after first having to resist and overcome the customary Italian propensity to overcharge; and after a similar conflict, succeeded in settling upon reasonable terms for the hire of three mules and a guide to take us across to Palmas, where our boat was sent round to meet us.

Accordingly, the next morning we were all prepared to set off. It was about four A. M.; we had packed up; the horses were all ready at the door, when the guide absolutely refused either to start himself, or to allow his horses to start: first, because it was Friday; and, second, because his dog had howled through the night! This was too bad, when he had received the whole sum agreed upon on the night before: but he was immovable for the time; and when, by threats and an additional carolinus, he was obliged to give in, an hour was already lost. The morning was dark, damp, and dreary, and a thick mist, full of all kinds of fever and malaria no doubt, hung over everything. The road first wound along the margin of the bay, and then diverged inland, running along the top of a causeway, between two great stagnant ponds, half mud, half water, steaming with malaria vapour. Gradually, the sun came out, and roused up an army of waterfowl, which passed us with a loud plash, and after them a band of scarlet flamin-

goes, slowly sailing out of sight. For the next five hours we were trotting doggedly forward under a sickening heat, over an endless level of plantation and desert. Rich fields of olives and sugar-canes, with palm-trees thirty feet high, and other tropical productions, met us here and there; but the greater part of the ground lay uncultivated, though capable of anything. Everything was still, through the intensity of the heat; the very lizards were silent; and twice only we passed a solitary peasant. Once we came upon running water; a luxury indeed; and once we passed, at a short distance from the country-seat of some absentee noble, a huge building like a manufactory, with the ground cut up in plots to the very door, and the cow-pens placed right under the bedroom windows.

The country still bore a very solitary aspect, until we turned sharply to the left, at the foot of a conical limestone bluff, and began to ascend by a paved road, cut in a zig-zag direction up the face of the hill. The spectacle from the top, stretching far and wide over the immense level we had just quitted, must ordinarily be very fine; but now, before us, and on either side, the vast plain of the Campidano lay literally steaming with heat, the mist floating palpably up into the transparent blue sky, and confusing everything to the distant Mediterranean, which was momentarily distinguishable by the flashes of sunlight reflected from its waves. As we looked, we could almost see the heat in the bottom, but now every step took us into a different country; and after half an hour's continuous mounting, we rode forth upon an upland plateau, with the short crisp turf under our feet, and heath flowers perfuming the fresh pure air of the hills. The vegetation here utterly changed; no more sugar-canes, plantains, and agaves, but plants of the north, beeches, ash, and evergreen oaks, with wild olive and cork-trees, sheltering a profusion of wild flowers and berries, especially a gorgeous strawberry of a deep orange colour. The peasantry, too, seemed altered for the better; blue eyes and fresh skins met us here and there, while down in the plains the men were short and thick-set, with large mouths and thick lips, black hair and eyes, and complexions like wash leather. The dress, too, was once more different. A peasant walking by my side—a gaunt, sinewy fellow, as upright as a dart, clad in dark-brown, with a sort of spiral cloth cap on his head—asked me if I did not admire a little girl, who was trotting before us, returning from some village fête, or more probably from confession. She was the daughter of some small farmer, and had on her best clothes—a complete suit of scarlet over a white petticoat flounced up to the knees, with long sleeves of scarlet cloth, down the sides of which were a double row of silver buttons, each as big as a crown piece: on her head she wore a triangular piece of scarlet cloth, tied down by a broad flame-coloured ribbon, and altogether looked like a bonfire. In this attire, without either shoes or stockings, she was dancing a-head at a great rate, occasionally turning round to laugh at us with her wondering large eyes, as we plodded on through stones and brambles fetlock deep in mud. During the rest of the day we rode through an open valley, enclosed by high lands; a sheet of the most glorious vegetation, but the beauty of which was made terrible by the multitude of short wooden crosses at every turn and nook, marking the scene of some deed of blood committed or attempted. At the close of the evening we entered a dark tree-shaded ravine, with a brawling brook rushing down the bottom, up which we threaded our way by a narrow road scarped out of the red earth of the hill-side; and presently emerging at the upper end, came out at once into the main street of Teulada, where we were to sleep for the night.

Teulada is a little out-of-the-way place, on a hill-side; but man's evil passions follow him everywhere, and even here, at the street end, was a freshly-constructed cross, commemorating, as we were afterwards told, a deed of peculiar atrocity. Two farmers of the neighbourhood, by names Alberto and Jacomino (literally, Little Jack),

* In Sardinia, called the *launedda*. It is made of three short pieces of wood, of unequal length, and for harnesses surpasses any baggage.

had long been on bad terms, when they met by chance at a country wake, quarrelled, fought, and were ultimately reconciled with difficulty by the priest. Jacomino soon after left the country. Thirteen years afterwards, when both were verging on old age, some unlucky words persuaded Alberto that his honour called imperiously for revenge. He traced his enemy from Cagliari to Sassari, from Sassari to Marseilles, from Marseilles back again to Sassari, and finally shot him from an ambush on the present spot. The victim died at once, two balls having passed completely through his body; and the murderer was seized and executed, most justly, within a month afterwards, glorying in the spirit with which he had worked out his revenge, and regarded by his countrymen as a kind of martyr. This horrid spirit of revenge is the curse of Sardinia. No education, violent natural passions, a bad religion, and the worst possible laws, with the greatest one-sidedness and venality in executing them, have here created a state of things which can only be realised by imagining the state of the Highlands under the Jameses reproduced, with the added inflammation of an almost African sun. Throughout the island, the cittadini or inhabitants of walled towns hold the contadini or villagers in utter contempt, which the latter very cordially return: the highlanders look on the lowlanders as utterly degenerate, and beneath themselves in being; besides which, the people of Cagliari and Sassari have a standing hatred to each other. Many communes have been at feud with each other for centuries, and have entirely forgotten the original cause, if there ever was one. Every one goes armed to the teeth, and in consequence, in one year (1827) there were eight hundred and seventy-two assassinations in a population of four hundred thousand. The murderers generally fly to the mountains, and there become banditti—malviventi they are called—and in their turn, when the time comes, are hunted down like dogs by the regular troops. Lately, a disarming act has been passed, which may do something; but the evil lies deep in the misgovernment of centuries, which only centuries can repair.

When we came into the town, we found it in terrible confusion. A great hunt was to take place in the neighbourhood on the following day, and the people for miles round had poured in, and were squabbling for quarters in the streets. Our lodging, when we got one, was in the worst style a specimen of the wretched wine shops which it is the wanderer's lot to lodge in all over the south. The ground-floor consisted of one long room, serving for everything. In the centre of the room there was a square hole in the clay floor, in which was the fire, but the smoke had no outlet except through the door. The floor was of clay; the walls of mud, with a stone bench along one side; in the one corner was a large hand-mill for grinding corn; on the floor stood musingly an ass, a calf, and two pigs; and on the aforesaid bench sat the family—the host, his wife, and a little boy—with sundry cocks and hens. The landlord and ourselves supped out of the same bowl; the hostess sat apart, women never being allowed to eat with the men in Sardinia. We had food enough, substantial, though coarse—fish, flesh, fried pigeons, olives, artichokes, and a platter of small white snails stewed, a dainty in this island—with plenty of strong country wine.

The host himself was a good specimen of a Sardinian peasant—rough, but kind, shrewd, and especially inquisitive. England he had heard of from a Highland officer of the Malta garrison, who had strayed into this secluded corner the autumn before for the sake of the shooting. He recollected his father speaking of Lord Nelson's fleet when it came to water in the Bay of Palmas; and he had some vague notion of our steam-vessels and railways; but nothing would convince him that Tughiterra (England) was not the capital of London. Some specimens of manners I recollect we had in the evening, more peculiar than pleasant. One of us praised the child, which was really very pretty: the father immediately spat in its face, and crossed himself devoutly,

telling us he did so to avert the Evil Eye, which the praise might otherwise bring upon it. Again, on retiring for the night, we were obliged to kiss all round, or great offence would have been taken. The family slept on the floor; but we were allowed, out of special favour, to mount by a ladder into a wretched loft, swarming with fleas, musquitos, and worse, and full of broken furniture and earthenware, pans, pots, and sacks of Indian corn; in one corner of which stood a huge antiquated kind of packing-case, big enough for a dozen, and stuffed with leaves of Indian corn. This was the bed. About midnight it blew a tremendous storm of wind, with thunder and lightning, the hailstones, as big as eggs, battering on the roof like grape-shot; and when this was over, the cocks took up the tune, and crowed perseveringly till daybreak.

As it was quite evident there was to be no sleep, we got up before dawn, and dressed the best way we could. Some wine and eggs were soon despatched, and in ten minutes more we were trotting out of the town, along a path so narrow, that the boughs met over our saddle-bows, through a grand ravine of crags and dells, studded with woods of ilex, beech, cork, and wild olives, and seemingly swarming with game. Hares by dozens ran across our path; quails and partridges swarmed in the bushes, with many gaily-painted natives of the south, of which we did not even know the names. Presently we came upon a huge old boar, lying meditating by himself at the foot of a cork-tree; but we had barely a glimpse of him, as he rose and trotted off through the jungle. The path continued to mount, holding more to the southward over the hills, with the clear blue sea at a little distance on our left, and grew narrower and narrower, till at length it was barely possible for the mules to keep their feet. We persevered, however, having no alternative, and were enabled, before the sun had reached the meridian, to look down upon the Bay of Palmas, where our little bark lay waiting our arrival, a solitary speck upon the waters of this magnificent haven, which is capable of sheltering all the navies of Europe in its bosom.

THE ARISTOCRACY OF NAMES.

Our readers are aware that the strange thesis has been maintained before now, that 'private vices are public benefits'; and some may have wondered at the desperate ingenuity which could work evil into good by the simple rule of multiplication. But we live in a world of seeming anomalies; and however difficult their reconciliation may be, there is no doubt that the errors of individuals are overmastered in their collective tendency, and that we all, good, bad, wise, and foolish alike, co-operate, unconsciously, in the great work of human progress.

As a familiar illustration of what we mean—the philosopher smiles at the enthusiasm of the vulgar in their aspirations after an undefined and undefinable good they call the Gentle; but the philosopher may smile on, for the wisdom of the learned Theban is foolishness. Such aspirations are the beginning of all refinement. They lead, it is true, to the perpetration of innumerable caricatures; but these in time correct themselves, or are corrected by collision, till every day some individuals, rising gradually above the mass, ascend into the region of true taste—or what is taken for such by the present generation. And what is true of individuals, is true of nations, and of society at large. The history of manners and costume, or, so to speak, Fashion, is the history of virtue and intelligence. How many revolutions have we passed through, before reaching our present simplicity of attire! And how many horrors have we encountered, before subsiding into our present condition of comparative charity and peace! Our contemporaries

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are better, as well as better dressed, than their ancestors; and our posterity will be better, and better dressed, than ourselves. Already our women have more elegance, and less bustle; and already our men have grown ashamed of their pig-tailed coats, not a thread of which will survive for their heirs-at-law. Already, in like manner, do we begin to pick up little thieves and beggars from the streets, to imprison them in schools, instead of contaminating them in jails; to turn them to knowledge and industry, instead of confirming them in ignorance and crime; and to lead them on to public usefulness, rather than the hulks and the galleys. Condemn not, therefore, the vulgar-gentle any more than our ancestors, for, like the latter, they are pilgrims on the road, and their very errors are paths that lead to truth.

But there is one thing in the general bearing and tendency of the present age towards the Genteel which is a little puzzling—not that we think the thing unnatural or improper in itself, but we cannot well see in what way the result is to benefit society. Gaudy or ill-matched colours betray a mental struggle, which may end in advancing the individual in the path to taste; and a control, however rude, of the language and movements of the body, may in like manner result in an approach towards politeness. But of what utility in our social progress is the present chronic revolution in Proper Names? Suppose, for instance, the whole race of Smiths get on to writing their name Smyth, or even reach the *ne plus ultra* Smythe, *cui bono*? Smythe is not intrinsically better than Smith; it is only more uncommon; and every advance the multitudinous tribe makes in this direction defeats its own object. If Smyth were a good, or a beauty in itself—if it were the *beau idéal* of Smith—that would be another thing; but it does not even make the name a dissyllable—it leaves it the same short, squat, *ruturier* word as ever. Nothing, in fact, can be done for Smith but giving it an amiable prename, or, better still, a title. Sir Sidney Smith, for instance, has a decidedly aristocratic sound; and this has no dependence upon its personal associations, otherwise Adam Smith would be recognised as the legitimate chief of the clan. Without a prename at all, Count Smith and Baron Smith, so common on the continent, are highly respectable; and if a suggestion had been adopted, which was kindly and happily made, on the occasion of the marriage of an Irish beauty of the name with a scion of Italian royalty, Smith would have become one of the most distinguished patronymics in the kingdom. The match alluded to was reckoned a *mesalliance* on the part of the lover, who was accordingly threatened to be discarded by his family; and he was therefore advised to confer upon the name of his lovely bride his own title, and call himself Prince Smith.

But even a prename alone may be of great advantage. There is one of the novels of Miss Edgeworth—we forget which—in which a gentleman of the name of Harvey figures as the hero. Harvey! Only fancy John, Peter, or even William Harvey as the hero of a novel! But Miss Edgeworth was too well acquainted with the philosophy of names to commit such a blunder: she made the individual Clarence Harvey; and the name has never to this day been objected to even among the female teens. Our own attention was first attracted to the importance of names by the case of an adventurer in London whom we knew personally. He was a countryman of the Princess Smith alluded to, and had come up to push his fortune in the musical line. Being really a person of fair abilities, he obtained a few pupils, and had even a couple of little songs published by the music-sellers: but it would not do. He did not make enough to keep his family (for he had brought his wife and child with him), and when want began to stare them in the face—and pinch too, as well as stare—he at length made up his mind, though with many bitter regrets, to go back to Connaught. What could he do? Nobody cared about songs by R. A. R.—; and to this day

their merits remain an impenetrable mystery. We were in the music shop when he was closing the publishing transaction, and he had occasion to sign his name—we fear not to a receipt. The publisher stared at the document, in which the signature was given at full length, and then at him.

'R. A.!' cried he. 'Why, your name is Ralph Abercromby!'

'You may say that. Wasn't it after the general I was christened?'

'Goodness gracious! Ralph Abercromby! Why did you not mention this before? And are you really off now—with a fortune in that name?'

'Sure it's time to be off, when I have paid the fare, and forgotten the rint? Bad luck to the name! If the initials brought us to this, wouldn't the rest of it have starved us entirely?'

'The man is an ass!' mused the publisher aloud, as our friend flung out of the shop. 'But Ralph Abercromby R—! that name would have carried him through, if he had brayed *worse* than a donkey!'

Sometimes it is considered advantageous to give one's name a foreign air; as if we were valuable exotics naturalised in the country, but still looking brown and yellow, as it were, in honour of our origin. Thus plain Miller is homely and sturdy (though not overly honest), till it is improved into Müller; but when this again becomes Mühler, it is quite a molendinary curiosity. We fancy Mr Mühler was some centuries ago Herr Mühler, and we long to ask him, When did you come over? This expression, by the way, *come over*, is very captivation. Some came over with the Saxons, some with the Normans—it matters little which: the thing is to get back one's origin till it is lost in the morning twilight of history; and the breadth of the ocean counts to our imagination like an additional space of time. A foreign miller, besides, is a more poetical personage than an English miller. In England, gentry of this profession may be thieves (as it used to be the fashion to represent them), but abroad they are banditti; and in Germany, some of the wildest scenes that followed the Thirty Years' War were enacted in a mill. Most people, in fact, have a strong objection to names that are associated with the vulgarities of a common trade. An aspiring Mason, by simply doubling the *s*, so as to make himself Masson, laughs at detection; although a Tailor has less facility of escape—and more need of it. He tries Taylor, and probably shakes his head; then the other syllable, Tailour; and if still appalled by the horrors of the name, he makes it, as a last resource, Tail-your.

But there are other associations still more frightful, as in the Scotch name Boag, which is identical, at least in sound, with that of the insect called by the English bug. The desperate efforts made here by the hereditary victims are truly alarming. Some write the word Bogie; but finding that they have thus got into the spiritual world, they rush madly into Bogue, and sometimes Boog. When a name, on the other hand, has a meaning complimentary to its possessor, the grand desideratum is, to make it as plain as possible. Thus Archibald is somewhat equivocal as it stands; and it is neatly and decisively modernised into Archbold. Frequently the only fault complained of is the want of euphony—as in Mucklewham. Somebody says, in the Waverley novels, that he could not think Venus beautiful if announced in a drawing-room as Miss Mac-Jupiter. What would he think, then, if presented for a quadrille to Miss Mucklewham? But thanks to the taste of the times, the name is nearly obsolete, and our fair partner is now Miss Meikleham.

A familiar object, even when its associations are good, is not approved of for a name. Burn (a stream) was sought to be made a little grander, by being given in the plural, Burns; but personal associations, as we have already observed, having no effect in this species of mania, some diverged into Burnes; while others, determining to sever definitively all connection with poetical

immortality, called themselves Burness. Mill, in like manner, was made Mills, and was then sunk entirely in Milne; and Home became Hume, and Hume, Hulme. John, on the same principle, is pluralised Johns, and this made into Johnes, and Jones.

But personal associations are only ineffective when modern. It is considered a great attainment to get back Cumming to its probable origin, Comyng; and those who are not satisfied with elongating Graham into Graehame, rest with delighted pride upon the Celtic Graeme. The colours, we need hardly add, are always sought to be washed out. White becomes Whyte, and is then entirely obliterated in Wight; and Brown, after passing through the intermediate Browne, relinquishes its identity in Broun.

In all these transformations the aim is the same—distinction. We wish to divorce ourselves from things common and vulgar, and fancy—oddly enough—that we in some measure accomplish this by misspelling the name we have received from our parents. We once knew an instance, and rather an instructive one, in which this nominal distinction was carried progressively on with the advance of the fortunes of the individual. His original name was Cuningham; and he was born in a station in which people think very little, and frequently know very little, about their patronymics. He was an errand-lad and porter in a draper's shop in one of the larger towns on the west coast of Scotland, and being a smart fellow, was on some occasion promoted to a station behind the counter. This was a great advancement for the errand-lad, and he became all on a sudden prodigiously genteel. What first put it into his head, it is hard to say; but certain it is, that a little twirl at the end of his written name subsided gradually into an e, and at last, to all intents and purposes, he was Mr Cuninghame. In two years after this consummation, he was left very unexpectedly the sum of £200 by a distant relation; and Mr Cuninghame determined to retire from his employer's counter, and take one of his own. While looking out for a proper place for his intended establishment, a new change occurred in his name, corresponding with the expansion of his ideas in other respects; and he became now, to the great surprise of his acquaintance, Mr Coynninghame. But it so happened that, before he had quite fixed upon a site for his 'warehouse,' he was quite fixed himself in admiration of a young lady, the heiress of a tallow-chandler; and as she was much struck with his person, and the uncommon gentility of his name, he abandoned his present pursuit, and laid siege to her as the more promising speculation of the two. In the course of his courtship a new change occurred in his name, and he was now Mr Coynninghame. It is supposed that this was in homage to the taste of the heiress; and the supposition receives some colour from the fact, that after she proved faithless, he knocked out indignantly the additional y. It was not so easy, however, to place himself in other respects *in statu quo*. His capital was by this time nearly all gone; and after a dreadful struggle with his pride, he was compelled to step behind a counter once more as the shopman of another. With a stern philosophy, he signalled his fall by the sacrifice of the remaining y; but the Furies were not yet appeased. The great monetary crisis took place at this time, which reduced most of the establishments in the town, and among a multitude of others, threw Mr Cuninghame out of work. His remaining funds were quickly exhausted. What was to be done? He had the good sense to take a porter's employment again, and became once more plain John Cuningham.

In this history we see movement without progress. The mistake was to suppose that a change of position rendered a change in the name an advantage, or that any additional dignity could be derived from spelling it with one letter instead of another. It was very proper for the porter to abandon his jacket in favour of a coat when he became the shopman; but a name is no indication of rank, any more than rank is an indication of

virtue. After all, we believe the most frequent revolutions in names have been the result of mere accident, such as the ignorance of the parties of the mystery of orthography, and the disregard in which such niceties were held before the language had attained its present fixed and regular form.

Column for Young People.

THE OAK AND THE SOW.

On the skirts of an extensive forest there grew, in days gone by, a huge, magnificent, wide-spreading oak, whose ponderous branches, gnarled, angular, and knotty, and each the size of a respectable tree, stretched over a space of ground so large, that I am afraid to say how much, lest I should be suspected of exaggeration. From these vast branches he shot up a thousand arms, ten thousand hands, and hundreds of thousands of tiny fingers, into the changeable sky, and waved his crumpled and scolloped leaves in the balmy spring-time air, or spread them 'neath the hot summer sun—a myriad of quivering parasols for the lay and luxurious herds who came to revel and ruminate in his quiet shadow. As you stood beside his monstrous trunk in the hot swelter of July, and looked upwards, you might search long in vain for a single glimpse of the blue overhead: yet all was gay and beautiful, far more beautiful than I can tell you, and rich with a thousand tints of green, and red, and gold, and fluttering light; and there, in an endless suite of bowery halls, the squirrel kept joyful holiday; and tribes of feathered vagrants chirped, and sung, and made merry; and wood-dooves cooed and crowed at eventide; and the woodpecker tapped and tapped half the livelong day together; and the little gray tomits darted up and down like mad, and said their say with the best of them; and the chaffinch played his one bar of music fifty times over, and then flew down saucily to see how the world was going on outside, but soon came back again with a worm or a grub for his private eating. It was the very place for the birds, that that famous oak; and large enough, I am sure, for a new Parliament House for all the tribes that ever flew, supposing them to be satisfied with a reasonable number of representatives.

A very different affair, I reckon, was the great oak in winter, when all his garniture of leaves was gone, and he stood naked to the stormy winds; but he didn't care, no, not an acorn, for them: he was sound in trunk, and whole in every limb; and though he had often squared his arms so boldly against the thunder-clouds, the fork lightning had never touched him yet, and he wasn't a bit afraid, not he. Then, when the snow storms came, he grasped the flying flakes with every finger, and dressed himself in a new white robe, and was prouder, if possible, of such a dainty surplice, than of his mantle of Lincoln green. Both in winter and summer he was a noble and magnificent spectacle; and everybody that passed by, or sat and rested on his gnarled and twisted roots, said as much, and turned their heads again and again as they went away to look at him in new points of view. And many came from great distances to see him, for his renown had spread through all the country round about; and artists had painted his picture, ay, many a time; and poets had written sonnets in his praise. And pic-nic parties would come on sunny days, and spread their table-cloth under his broad shadow; and then the voice of mirth, and laughter, and song rang through his green chambers all the festive hours till sundown. Then, sometimes on the short dry sward beneath his boughs, troops of village lads and lasses tripped and reeled in the riotous dance, to the music of their own merry voices, and floundered about, if the truth must be told, in a manner that would have driven a dancing-master to destruction. And often in the quiet evening, when the fiery-red sun seemed cutting a notch in the gray distant hill behind which he was fast sinking to rest, a pair of whispering lovers would come and sit beneath his darkening roof, and gaze up into the peaceful sky, till the pale stars came out to their night-watch, and twinkled through the trembling foliage, among which the night-wind sighed a dreamy tune. Nobody could tell how many years this fine great oak had stood there in his beauty and glory. The oldest man in the village two miles off could see little or no difference in him, though he had known him for more than threescore years; and declared, moreover, that his father, ay, and grandfather too, had never, in his recollection, mentioned the tree by any other name than that of

the 'great oak' generations of sapling, he said; old oak; and he was thought that he might

It is hard which he had of admiring saw him, and self-sufficiency he carried tions every were small then were shadow, clean over far away in faces of none to r and said t I survey' single limit am the ki woods.

Now the woodcut grubbing food, and had seen world, but she spoke legged, a things, a Unlike th Everybo in disgus pride or lot. Lik brought succumb weaned roast su to play from hie and she solitary saved h circum

It can end of its green, brown, choly y relishing old so enout knew, after. had sh still sh Arabic comes offspr ugly gristi while earning ing co amon seore thing oak silly a wh into wra ing The feet tha and

the 'great oak.' Yet old as he was, and though many generations of men had been born and buried since he was a sapling, he still stood in all his beauty, and vigour, and verdure: old, it is true, for anything else, but not old for an oak; and likely to live five hundred years yet; though it was thought by those who knew most about such things that he might have lived nearly as long already.

It is hardly to be wondered at that all the fine things which he heard said in his praise, and the general tribute of admiration and astonishment paid by everybody who saw him, made our leafy friend more than a little proud and self-sufficient. Indeed this was so much the case, that he carried his head the higher, and indulged in loftier notions every day. He saw that all the neighbouring trees were small in comparison with him; and though none of them were very near, nor ever came within reach of his shadow, except at sunrise and sunset, yet he could look clean over their heads, with a very few exceptions, and see far away into the deep forest, where, amid all the countless faces of foliage that looked upwards to the sky, there was none to rival him. So he grew proud and pious still, and said to himself, quoting Cowper, 'I am monarch of all I survey'—there is nothing here that can match me—a single limb of mine is worth any entire tree of the lot—I am the king of the forest—a right royal monarch of the woods.

Now there was a poor old sow, belonging to an aged woodcutter in the forest, who spent her whole days in grubbing about among the trees and bushes in search of food, and made but a sorry living with all her pains. She had seen in her time, she was wont to say, a deal of the world, but little luck; and, to judge by her appearance, she spoke the truth. She was lean, and lanky, and long-legged, and bare of bristles, and bony to sight; a state of things, as everybody knows, not at all creditable to a pig. Unlike the oak, she had not a single admirer in the world. Everybody said, 'What an ugly beast!' and turned away in disgust; and, still unlike the oak, she had not a jot of pride or conceit, but practised a quiet resignation to her lot. Like honest Dogberry, she had had losses, having brought up in her time near twenty litters, who had all succumbed to the butcher's knife—some, massacred unweaned innocents, fated to figure on the festive board as roast sucking-pig; others, with prolonged doom, promoted to play the part of country pork; but all as clean gone from her side as Macduff's children—not a bristle left; and she, their dam, hungry and old, left to wander in her solitary age, with the mortifying reflection, that if she had saved her bacon hitherto, it could be but from the sheer circumstance that it was worth no man's griddling.

It came to pass on a quiet gray morning, in the latter end of October, when the whole forest was fast changing its green into numberless tints of yellow, and red, and brown, that the great oak, which was always in a melancholy mood at this time of the year—perhaps not much relishing the gradual loss of his summer dress—saw the old sow come bustling out of the wood, with snuffling snout set towards him, true as the needle to the pole. He knew, by former experience, well enough what she was after. There had been a high wind in the night, which had shorn him of whole cart-loads of leaves, and he was still shedding his acorns, would he, n'ould he, 'fast as the Arabian trees their medicinal gum.' 'Oh,' said he, 'here comes that abominable beast again, that has devoured my offspring for the last ten years. I wish my acorns were poison rather than pigs'-meat, that I might be rid of that ugly wretch, which eats all my produce, and never has the gratitude to say "thank ye." The sow came on, meanwhile, with a show of alacrity quite creditable to her years, caring nothing at all for the scorn of the tree—never dreaming of it, in fact; and soon began grubbing and snorting among the fallen leaves, and crunching the acorns by the score, with a gusto and vigour that had evidently lost nothing by want of practice. 'Ah, the filthy brute!' said the oak to himself. 'It is strange to me that man should be so silly as to suffer an abominable beast like that to swallow a whole navy for a breakfast, and convert a future forest into bacon, and such bacon too—laugh!' Still he said nothing aloud: he scorned to speak to the object of his wrath and dislike: he would not demean himself by showing his displeasure, but nourish his contempt in silence. The sow the meanwhile pursued her operations with perfect pleasure and satisfaction: among the rugged roots that protruded above the soil she grouted and grubbed, and brought up the shining 'cups and saucers,' and ground

them to pulp in no time: round about in all directions, beneath the ample roof, she raked and scratched, and flung the withered leaves, and caught the shining berries, and ate, and ate, and ate, till that consummation was at length accomplished which had not been accomplished for a twelvemonth before—she was satisfied, and was no longer hungry. Then she turned to go back to her lair in the forest, intending to sleep out the rest of the day. But the oak—whose exasperation had increased with every mouthful, and which had watched the whole repast with the feelings of a true timber Niobe, till wood and sap could stand it no longer—in a paroxysm of rage, called upon her to stop.

'Graceless swine,' said the angry tree, 'is that the way you return thanks to your benefactors? Year after year do you come with your ugly carcase, and gorge my finest fruit, and not a single grunt of gratitude do I ever hear from your unmannerly snout. You might at least say "thank ye" for the many full meals you have made at my expense.' But the old sow, who was no fool, and, for aught that I know to the contrary, might have been akin to the sapient Toby, was not disposed to be browbeaten by the tree, and so she answered him thus:—'You are doubtless a great personage, and think very little of me, and such as I am; and, like other great personages I have heard of, you seem disposed to claim respect and gratitude from those who owe you neither. I have been half-starving all the summer, which you know full well, and which my present condition plainly shows; yet though you were loaded with young and tender fruit, not an acorn have you contributed to my necessities, and I might have perished for want ere you would have thought of relieving it. Yet now that the elements deprive you of what your selfishness can no longer retain, you demand my gratitude for benefits which you would withhold if you could. None but a wooden head would have dreamt of making such a demand, and a wooden head will I wear before I think of complying with it.'

The reader need not puzzle himself much for the application of this fable. The moral is involved in the sow's reply. Gratitude is only due when a benefaction is willingly bestowed. He who gives away only that which he cannot keep, whatever he may be, is no benefactor; and he who surrenders to another what is of no value to himself, comes but little nearer the mark. Concession is the soul and spirit of benevolence—abnegation, of love; and if charity be a brilliant star, self-denial is its nucleus and centre.

THE CURRENCY.

In reference to a quotation made in the Journal of June 5th, from the 'Westminster Review,' to the effect that the withdrawal of a certain sum from the circulation ought not to interfere with prices, or disturb trade, since large accounts are settled without any cash passing at all, a London correspondent makes the following remarks:—'In order to show the error of the reviewer, suppose I keep an account at the Bank of England, and that I owe Mr Brown L.1000, who likewise banks there. I pay him with a cheque, and this, on being presented, is charged to my account, and placed to the credit of Mr Brown: a debt of a thousand pounds being thus paid and received by means of a few strokes of the pen, and without the passing of a single farthing. This transaction would seem to confirm the reviewer's theory; but what would become of it if I had not L.1000 in the bank? The case is the same with all accounts that are settled by means of books and figures. The money is somewhere, though it is not handed about; and therefore the disturbance of the currency, by adding or withdrawing millions of pounds to or from the circulation, does produce the mischief so much felt in the commercial world, and the reviewer has only added another error to the thousand and one that already existed on this important question.'

CULTIVATION OF CONSCIENCE.

As we cultivate taste, or our susceptibility to beauty, by meditating upon the most finished specimens of art, or the most lovely scenery in nature, so conscience, or our moral susceptibility, is improved by meditating upon anything eminent for moral goodness. It is hence that example produces so powerful a moral effect; and hence that one single act of heroic virtue, as that of Howard, or of illustrious self-denial, gives a new impulse to the moral character of an age. Men cannot reflect upon such actions with-

out the production of a change in their moral susceptibility. On the contrary, the discriminating power of conscience may be injured by frequent meditation upon vicious character and action. By frequently contemplating vice, our passions become excited, and our moral disgust diminishes. Thus, also, by becoming familiar with wicked men, we learn to associate whatever they may possess of intellectual or social interest with their moral character; and hence our abhorrence of vice is lessened. Thus men who are accustomed to view, habitually, any vicious custom, cease to hear their moral feelings excited by beholding it. All this is manifest from the facts made known in the progress of every moral reformation. Of so delicate a texture has God made our moral nature, and so easily is it either improved or impaired. Pope says truly,

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As, to be dreaded, needs but to be seen;
But seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

It is almost unnecessary to remark, that this fact will enable us to estimate the value of much of our reading, and of much of our society. Whatever fills the memory with scenes of vice, or stimulates the imagination to conceptions of impurity, vulgarity, profanity, or thoughtlessness, must, by the whole of this effect, render us vicious. As a man of literary sensibility will avoid a badly-written book, for fear of injuring his taste, by how much more should we dread the communion with anything wrong, lest it should contaminate our imagination, and thus injure our moral sense!—*Wayland's Moral Science.*

PORRIDGE.

Oatmeal is likewise used, and deserves to be much more used than it is, in the form of what is called stirabout or porridge. This is made by gradually stirring oatmeal into boiling water, until enough has been added to give the required degree of consistence—continuing the boiling until the meal is sufficiently cooked. It is commonly eaten either with milk or with butter-milk. This is usually a very uninteresting kind of food—an article of diet which is well adapted to the case of children, and little less so to that of dyspeptics; and for the labouring population it forms a breakfast that is much more nourishing and wholesome than the tea and the bread and butter, or bread and dripping, which are in England so much more generally made use of. Flour bread and milk, although certainly well suited to the stomachs of most children, is nevertheless found to disagree with some; and as a general breakfast for children, I think that oatmeal porridge and milk deserves to be preferred. It is an unstimulating diet; it is very easily digested; it contains a very considerable proportion of nutriment; and it seems usually to act slightly on the alvine excretions—while in many cases a continued use of milk renders it necessary to take an occasional dose of aperient medicine.—*Dr Robertson on Diet and Regimen.*

IMITATIVE POWER IN BIRDS.

So strong is the imitative power of birds, that a canary who has been taught to pipe, having heard a chaffinch that daily sung in a tree near the window where the cage was hung, learnt his note in a few days, omitting at that time the air he had been accustomed to sing. At the end of the spring, after having been removed from the neighbourhood of the chaffinch, he resumed the air as before. A nestling nightingale also learnt the notes of a hedge-sparrow that sung near it, for want of other sounds to imitate; and it was extraordinary to hear the gentle, although agreeable warble of the latter, attuned to the full compass and power of the nightingale. The effect was most pleasing, although of course not equal to the natural notes of this bird, not one of which he retained. Indeed many birds are almost, if not entirely, imitative, and, in default of hearing the parent bird, borrow notes of others: soft-billed birds always prefer the song of soft-billed birds, and *vice versa*. It is hoped, from what has been said on the above subject, that persons who are in the habit of keeping caged birds will be induced to educate them in the manner suggested. Then, instead of hearing the shrill, deafening natural notes of the canary, they will be delighted with those of the nightingale, the blackcap, and other warblers. 'They will then breathe such sweet music out of their little instrumental throats, that it may make mankind think that miracles are not ceased.' So said the good Izaak Walton.

—*Jeau's Favourite Haunts.*

A L O N E.

'Twas midnight, and he sat alone—
The husband of the dead.
That day the dark dust had been thrown
Upon her buried head.
Her orphaned children round him slept,
But in their sleep would moan :
Then fell the first tear he had wept—
He felt he was alone.

The world was full of life and light,
But, ah ! no more for him !
His little world once warm and bright—
It now was cold and dim.
Where was her sweet and kindly face ?
Where was her cordial tone ?
He gazed around his dwelling-place,
And felt he was alone.

The wifely love—maternal care—
The self-denying zeal—
The smile of hope that chased despair,
And promised future weal :
The clean bright hearth—nice table spread—
The charm o'er all things thrown—
The sweetness in whatever she said—
All gone—he was alone !

He looked into his cold, wild heart,
All sad and unregarded :
He asked how he had done his part
To one so true, so kind ?
Each error past he tried to track—
In torture would atone—
Would give his life to bring hers back—
In vain—he was alone.

He slept at last ; but when he dreamed
(Perchance her spirit woke),
A soft light o'er her pillow gleamed,
A voice in music spoke—
'Forgot—forgotten all neglect—
Thy love recalled alone ;
The babes I leave ; oh, love, protect !
I still am all thine own.'

—*American paper.*

THE SCENERY OF ENGLAND.

I soon began to weary of an infinity of green enclosures, that lay spread out in undistinguishable sameness, like a net, on the flat surface of the landscape, and to long for the wild free moors and bold natural features of my own poor country. One likes to know the place of one's birth by other than artificial marks—by some hoary mountain, severe, yet kindly, in its aspect, that one has learned to love as a friend—by some long withdrawing arm of the sea, sublimely guarded, where it opens to the ocean, by its magnificent portals of rock—by some wild range of precipitous coast, that rears high its ivy-bound pinnacles, and where the green wave ever rises and falls along dim resounding caverns—by some lonely glen, with its old pine forests hanging dark on the slopes, and its deep brown river roaring over linn and shallow, in its headlong course to the sea. Who could fight for a country without features, that one would scarce be sure of finding out on one's return from the battle, without the assistance of the mile-stones?—*Miller's First Impressions of England.*

TRUTH.

Truth, considered abstractedly, is the object of universal admiration; and all men would fain persuade themselves that, in the investigations they pursue, they are mainly anxious to discover her features, and to award her the supremacy which is her due. But so much does human frailty interfere with the best-directed efforts, so much do private feeling and unconscious prejudice alloy the purest suggestions of the heart, that if we were to scrutinise our wishes rigidly, we should often be constrained to admit that we are more desirous to exact homage for an idol of our own creation, invested by our partiality with every possible attraction, than calmly bent on surrendering our undivided and willing allegiance to the true divinity whose name and praise is ever on our lips.—*Anon.*

Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. CHAMBERS, 98 Miller Street, Glasgow; W. S. ORR, 147 Strand, and Amen Corner, London; and J. M'GLASSAN, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. and R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh.

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